

THE INNIS HERALD



The Fall

Inside: Vowels, Consonants and other Symbols



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You know what I mean, all that
carnal and fleshly content.
-Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*

Come on Dr. Dresher! Haven't you
read Vygotsky?!!
-this guy at a lecture that I went to

Sic Biscuitus Disintegratum

The recent rape of an inflatable doll by a group of U of T students has triggered a flood of letter writing and protest. The rape, however, does not concern me as much as what that rape means and what it indicates.

We see universities as places of higher learning, where the average person is much better informed about things in general, and is considered to be more intelligent than the 'norm'. The implementation of university education in Western countries (and as far as I know, in all countries) implicitly ensures that only scholastically adept people can go to them. Scholastic aptitude is seen as a sign of intelligence, intelligence as a sign of rationality and perceptiveness. People who are rational and perceptive are taken to be understanding and wise; people who are understanding and wise are expected to be humanist and egalitarian. Therefore, in the common conception, university students should have a 'better' set of morals than other people. This is why there is a greater sense of outrage when misogynist acts are committed by university students. They should know better.

But is the violent behaviour that was seen outside convocation hall in early September so anomalous? I think not. A majority of constituencies (colleges, faculties etc.) at most universities have initiation activities that are well outside the range of everyday activity. Aside from the 'partying' (whose existence is somewhat questionable in itself, but seems to be intimately related to the freedoms and tensions of university), there are numerous rites that are grouped under the name of 'hazing'. The name itself hints at the doubtful nature of the rites. Hazing invariably encompasses acts that would be seen as degrading to the performers and victims of the acts, if they were looked at from an outside perspective. The 'hazees', however, somehow seem to accept the hazing ceremonies as inevitable, and seem to (at least outwardly) enjoy being hazed. Hazing ceremonies are talked about in glorifying, epic terms. The more obscene the hazing is, the better. The hazing ceremony is so well embedded in some people's 'university culture' that they would consider the above statements an outright lie, and would not be able to accept the rhetoric (or possibly logic) used in the argument. These people, however, must concede that there is an implicit orientation in the hazing ritual - there are those who administer the hazing and those who receive it (subject-object). Presumably some of those who are the receivers endure the ceremony to become next year's administrators. At any rate, the receiver must assume an inferior and degraded position. And how much of a step is it from accepting one's own humiliation to accepting another's humiliation, from degrading someone who is assenting to degrading someone against their will?

The rape, and rapes in general raise a larger question: why is it that it is possible for people in our

society to think of doing such a thing, of violating and committing violence against other members of our society. It is difficult to answer this question, but it is easy to see some of the influences in our societal environment that lead to things such as rape. Take, for example, an archetypal shot in the historical main stream of film. The male lead grabs the female lead in an embrace. The camera tracks in on the back of the male; we see her pounding on his back and violent motion as she tries to break his grip. Then, her hands move up toward his neck, into his hair. The taught, rigid posture melts and she curves backwards, accepting him; the camera inevitably moves into a softer focus. The same model is presented in nearly all of our family T.V. shows, although the explicit violence of the film sequence is sublimated into male initiation of 'romantic' relationships. It is only rarely that the signal of intimacy between two characters assumes a verbal form or that two characters spontaneously come to an understanding that leads to love. This pattern seems to be reflected in real life, although which, in truth, is the model and which the imitation remains to be demonstrated. Thankfully, this characterization of male/female interaction seems to be fading as more of an egalitarian public awareness develops. Interestingly, the portrayal of homosexual relationships in movies which take their subject as serious and given (not with a view to assuring the public that its 'ok, just different') seems to benefit from not having a tradition behind it; a new model is built which seems to be a better one, although lovers in these films are invariably hampered by the external influence of society.

Pornography is another facet of society which allows things like rape to happen. The mere fact that it exists gives justification to its form. The photographer, publisher and reader of pornographic publications take the bodies of people in the publications as objects a priori. Although some may argue that pornography doesn't directly lead to rape, the existence of pornography definitely indicates something about the way we can think of other people's bodies, as objects which purposes. Once again we see that

can be manipulated for our own there are factors in our society that merge with the action of rape and do not put rape completely outside of our code of normal, 'moral' action. There are many other, far more subtle examples that are submerged in the codes of our culture. Is it any wonder that people commit sexual violence? Is it beyond belief that some people can disqualify the symbolic violation of a human female as the mere interaction of glass and plastic?

The pattern of our culture is so invasive that it changes the way in which we think, perhaps even determines it. It blinds us to our own actions and causes us to justify them by claiming that we are merely following the easiest line of action, even though that path deviates from what we think is proper. The hardest thing to do is to step back and see the hypocrisy of one's own action, and take responsibility for it. Thus, it is important to recognize the messages of our culture (global, national, individual) and leave them at the wayside if we don't think that they are right.

To end on a cheery anecdote which exposes the requisite two faced nature of our society:

The other day I was in the Bloor subway station. An elderly man walking on the platform fell over behind me, hitting his head on the pavement. I ran over, and finding him unconscious put my bag under his head to serve as a cushion and to elevate his body; somebody covered him in a coat, his pulse was fine, he slowly became conscious. An ambulance had been called. When the ambulance men arrived, I was relieved; they'd know what to do. One of the ambulance men knelt beside me on the floor and began to try and talk to the man on the floor. A flash of white in the corner of my eyes. I didn't realize what it was until I looked down. The ambulance man had put on a white surgical glove. There he was, talking sincerely and comfortably to the old man on the floor, with a barrier of rubber between the skin of his hand and that of the man on the floor. So scared of getting AIDS from an old man who was crying because he was so helpless, that he wouldn't even touch the palm of his hand.



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The Rag That Doesn't Want to Be One

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This paper is 100% recyclable. If you don't like it, please take it to the nearest recycling depot and save a tree.

Did you know

that some students have
transferred to Innis
just so they could use
our Writing Lab?

If you're an Innis student,
what are you waiting for?

Room 314 978-4871

United Way Campaign

Hin Aung

The United Way has been running fund raising campaigns for many years on the University of Toronto campus. Traditionally, student participation has been poor. In trying to break this tradition, they have approached student clubs and associations directly this year. Innis College Student Society was one of the associations approached. This truly represents an opportunity for Innis students to show dedication to the welfare of the Metropolitan Toronto community, and as such, the student body showed a strong interest in participating at our last student affairs meeting.

Although many of us know of United Way, most of us know little about the extent of its contributions to our community. The United Way has helped more than one Torontonian in every three in the last year. The United Way's contributions are spent in a number of ways. The United Ways "Health & Rehabilitation Services" contribute

to organisations such as the Epilepsy Association of Metro Toronto, the Canadian Mental Health Association and St. John's Ambulance, to name a few. It also offers contributions to organizations for "Services to Elderly Persons". Other social services such as the Big Brothers of Metropolitan Toronto and Jessie's Centre for Teenagers are also supported. Many "crisis centres" such as Women in Transition and the North York Women's Shelter receive funds from the United Way. Other "Community & Neighbourhood services" such as the Boys' and Girls' Club of Downtown Toronto are also supported by the United Way. Last, but not the least in importance is "Planning & Information Services". Agencies such as Information and Legal Services, the Canadian Council on Social Development and the Social Planning Council of Metropolitan Toronto, which are working towards a better

Metropolitan Toronto, receive funds from United Way.

In effect, when we contribute to the United Way, we are contributing to all of these organizations. As the United Way would say, it is "The way to help the most", and also the most efficient way.

Innis College, known for its involvement with film, was expected to do a screening. The idea of a screening is well supported. Some have suggested incorporating a party with the screening. A committee has been formed to look into the logistics of the event, and is well under way.

Finally, the committee is open to any ideas with regards to choice of film/videos, theme/themes, date of the event, and publicity plans. The committee also invites enthusiastic supporters to help run the event. Yours truly, as a member of the committee, invites you to approach me with your ideas.

Congratulations to :

Anna-Marie Batelaan
Pierre Blum
Rick Campbell
Shanti Fernando
Jon Gordon
Arthur Hanks
Christina Horvath

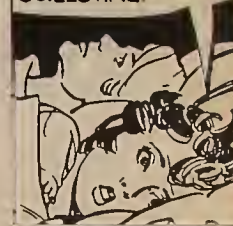
Tim Hutton
William Lee
Andre Liebman
Karen Smith
Sarah White
Vicki Zeltins

(Elected to College Council)

First Meeting : October 13,
1987, 4:00
Meeting which will happen after
the paper is out: November 24,
4:00

Agende : the Importance of carp
in the Asian bloma.

I'D RATHER FACE THE
GUILLOTINE!



Budget

After a lethargic meeting the budget for the 1987-88 fiscal year of the I.C.S.S. was finally passed with only minor modifications. At only two and a half hours, the meeting was the shortest in I.C.S.S.'s history. Last year's meeting for example, lasted six and a half hours, but none the less, the meeting was tedious.

The most important point that was brought up at the meeting was prompted by the realization that money, which had been allocated for football expenditure in the pre-budget proposals, had actually been spent both on football and on hockey. This eventually led to a two hundred dollar reduction in the Men's Athletic budget. More importantly, it led to discussion on the problem of pre-budget spending and how communication in that area is often obscured from year to year. It was generally agreed that representatives on this year's I.C.S.S. should pay more attention this year in order that this problem isn't repeated next year.

Another important issue that came up at the meeting was the four thousand dollar surplus from last year. The surplus was treated in this year's budget as an asset which is

not to be spent in the budget. However, a committee will be organized which will control the money as a fund that will be available to Innis students and other suitable organizations. Students who are interested in sitting on this committee should attend the I.C.S.S. meeting next Thursday at 4:00 p.m. (Strunk is dumb.--Eds.) in the Cold Room.



In general, it seemed that there was less dispute about the budget this year. Perhaps this is because the budget proposals that were submitted this year were more accurate than those that were submitted last year; perhaps I.C.S.S. members are becoming more complacent. Only the Shadow knows.

A Modest Proposal

Rick Campbell

The year in student politics has begun as usual--on a sour note. An important service, the Women's Centre, has been denied deserved funds in the name of equality (!?) and a vast quantity of money has been spent so that student politicians and their cronies can play a silly game in the hope of inspiring school spirit. (Although most folk I speak to seem unaware that the silly game even happened) In fact, rumour has it that one SAC politico came all the way back from New Brunswick to assure that the vote on Women's Centre funding would bring this student council into the nineteenth century.

Despite President Ellen Ladowsky's best efforts, it looks as if this year's SAC may go down in the books as having run on good intentions that went unfulfilled. My unbounded sympathy for our President who faces a regressive faction headed by her myopic running mate. As a fellow Innisite I have wracked my brains to find some way for SAC to make their mark this year. How? How?

Have a lit' idea.

Some of the student population may be aware of the existence of a rock and blues band known as The

Grateful Dead. (Judging from Innis washroom cubicles some of you may be a bit edgy about this band. Please indulge me a second.) This band is known by friend and foe alike for their largesse. (I'm not referring to their corpulent lead guitarist.) They play many charity concerts. Their 1984 Kingswood appearance was to benefit SEVA, an organization concerned with optical health in Third World countries.

I also have yet to hear anyone leave a Dead concert crying "How horrible! They bit the head off a live weasel!" or "They encouraged us to contribute to Alfred Zundel's defence fund!" or "Those miserable nihilists! I'm deaf for life! Quick, throw on 'Don't Forget Me When You Go' full blast!". Everybody I know who has seen this band play live have had (within the bounds of reason) good clean fun.

I therefore propose that SAC set aside the necessary funds, telephone the manager of this rock and blues group and invite them to come up here to a play a live concert at Varsity Stadium. All proceeds would go to a charity of the Dead's choice. (One might mention the Women's Centre to them.) SAC would pay the band's travelling

expenses as well as accomodation. (Jerry is perfectly welcome to kip at my place.) This may mean that SAC may have to alter its plans for next year's giant "Pin the Tail on the Donkey" game. (Thanks Alex.) It would have the satisfaction however, of knowing it had sponsored a momentous, even cosmic event. Anyone who can picture the corner of Bedford and Bloor the night of such a concert knows that the Council would be famous for decades to come. Ellen would also certainly assure herself a seat in the Beaches riding should she ever decide to run for public office.

I do not pretend that such an event would be easy to stage but I believe that SAC is up to the challenge, if it has the courage to put its guts where its mouth is! (Surely shome mistake here.)

I do not expect the Pinnock faction to take this idea seriously. They are far too busy protecting men's rights from the advancing matriarchy. I suggest that we can deal with such a crowd. Play them some of the finer Dead material. (Men Smart-Women Smarter?) Reason with them. If all else fails?

We can eat them.
Dad.

LETTERS

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Letters must be signed and must be free from sexist, racist, agist, homophobic or just plain dumb content. Opinions expressed in letters, like all submissions are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society or to the publisher.

In Exile

To Innis College,

Write or visit me at:
London House
Mecklenburgh Square
London, WC1N 2AB

Your Friend, André Czeglédy

Mega Jim-Letter

I'll try (knowing I won't succeed) to keep this short.

I really like the first Herald a lot. I have some comments, though, which I hope you will at least think about. It must be a pain in the ass to

put out a newspaper when an ex-editor is present in the College but I just cannot resist the temptation to say something.

You'll notice that I have not submitted any Festival of Festivals reviews even though I promised you I would. I apologize but I've come to question the very idea of the Herald publishing Festival reviews in the first place. In fact Art's dreadful article on SCAT! (more on this later) has me wondering about all student reviews, indeed, journalistic reviewing in general.

The Festival is a rushed, hyper week coinciding with the begining of classes. We run around watching features, shorts, documentaries, avant-garde works, quaint narratives, Hollywood fluff, and Heavy European Films. Although many of the films are screened twice, few people are able to catch both screenings. These are not, by any means, ideal circumstances for contemplating what are supposed to be works of art. Despite this, the Herald has for four years now run

extensive Festival coverage. What purpose does this serve? Do any of the interesting films get the attention they deserve? Hardly. Instead, readers are offered amateur versions of what is a dubious practice in the Real World, that is to say, instant, snappy (usually oh-so clever), poorly thought-out impressions of a work only seen once by the reviewer. When I was editor, I had doubts about the practice but decided that we were obliged to include an inordinately large Festival section in the second issue of the paper else we would jeopardize the next editor's chances of getting free passes. This is hardly defensible. At least, this is how I'm rationalizing my failure to come through with any articles.

I like the overall design of the paper. You've managed to maintain some of the things that Paul and I started a couple of years ago, and that Art modified last year, without letting your own personal style shine through. I hope that you continue to experiment but I also hope that you don't hesitate to abandon some of

the devices which are, after so many years, getting very tired (e.g. the "Fuzz Say" section). I also hope that you find a way to make the back page aesthetically pleasing; it's always a mess.

I was extremely happy to see the quality of writing improve this year. Nonetheless, I hope that you are able to fill out the issue with a bit more Innis news. There was a trend away from that last year which I think was quite regrettable. The Herald could benefit from interviews with, or guest columns by the Innis teaching staff (for example). The poetry readings that Roger Greenwald organizes, for example, could be previewed or reviewed. The Herald could take a look at the African studies journal which is produced here.

Well, anyhow, I shouldn't be telling you how to run the paper. (I-Ed) But I just add one last parting shot? It's about Art's review of SCAT! Dave. I guess I'm going to sound like I'm contradicting myself but, if this is the best the

Herald could do, then I understand the shift away from covering College activities.

Now Art's my friend but I really can't let this go unnoticed. What are we to make of someone who declares openly his philistine sympathies? Allow me to quote: 'I am rather ambivalent towards poetry, and loath (sic) the analysis of it (all that deep symbolism rubbish)'. If this is truly Art's attitude (maybe Allan Bloom is right) then it is fair to those who edited, wrote for, and served on the editorial board of SCAT! Would it be fair for me, for example, to treat Innis's hard-working athletes with the same I'm - ignorant- and - proud - of - it? attitude. Wouldn't this sound a bit odd at the beginning of a sports article: 'I think I hate football and, in fact, I really don't know anything about it, but here goes...?'

Who does Art serve with the following brilliant insights: 'I did not consider these to be bad works, but

Continued next page

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RANDOM THOUGHTS

Xenophon & Og

A column addressing the metaphysical, physical and just plain absurd.

X. Our first question this month comes from Paul de la Penna. He asks 'What can we know?'

O. Well, Benjamin Franklin said the only things in life are death and taxes. The way things stand I'd make that exams and essays. Since things are certain, we can know them; there are exams and there are essays. So that's what we can know. They form an immanent landscape on our subjective reality.

X. Well, I really think we can't know anything. It's impossible. We artificially divide (articulate) our amorphous environment, anyways, so even if we could 'know' the input of our senses, we would be falsifying the evaluation of that data by grouping in a subjective manner that is dependent on our language and culture. Everything's an illusion. I mean look at the air fresher industry and the commercials it produces. Nothing like that could be real. If we perceive them, then we are imagining things. This shows that we are deceiving ourselves all the time, and that we can't know things.

O. Paul, we think you should read Kant. He wrote some really good books. Or Superman comics. They are roughly equivalent; they both address the a priori, for isn't Superman a given thing, if we understand man?

X. Enough of that. Paul's other question is 'Does language determine consciousness, or does consciousness determine language,



and what can I do with a combined degree in semiotics and cinema studies?

O. I'd say there are differing opinions about that. Saussure and Beneveniste and others would definitely maintain that language determines the way in which we are conscious. The work of the transformational grammarians, like Chomsky and Postal seems to suggest that there is an innate ability in humans to perform in the arena of language. This would necessitate that consciousness be extant before language.

X. It seems to be a 'chicken and egg' problem, where chickens are consciousness and eggs are individual language systems. Maybe, a language is a consciousness's way of making another consciousness.

O. So, in the same way that Egg McMuffins increase the consumption of eggs and thereby increase the chicken population, the activity of language, reading or whatever, increases consciousness?

X. Exactly, yes.

O. Well, there you go Paul. It's that easy. You can make it with Plato.

X. As to the other part of your question, here's what we did. We took Og's degree, folded it in half, and made cuts in it like the ones shown in diagram 'A'. Then we took the resulting piece of paper and opened it up to form a large loop. It was so big, Og could step through it. And Og is a big guy.

O. Then we trained a planarian (a type of flat worm - Ed.) to jump through the loop of paper. It was difficult, but we succeeded.

X. Afterwards we ground up the planaria's brains and fed them to another planaria. When this planaria was presented with the 'degree' loop, it didn't jump through. Thus, we demonstrated that planaria can't learn by ingesting one another's brains. Which is important, because cannibalism is a rampant problem in the planaria educational system.

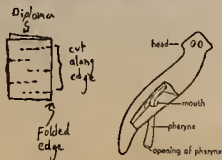
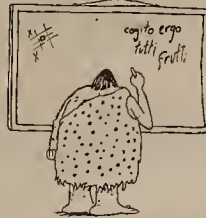


Diagram A Planaria

O. So Paul, that's what you can do with your combined degree in semiotics and cinema studies; prove important biological theories.

X. Lisa Godfrey asks 'And Eric



Estrada?

O. Well Lisa, this is simple. There are 5 vowels in Eric's eleven letter name, an astonishing 45 percent vowelity. If we subtract the 5 from the 11 we get 6. If we repeat this operation for each different vowel in his name, and place the results one after another, we obtain this result '666'. Thus, Eric Estrada is clearly the devil, or at least a reasonable facsimile thereof. Furthermore, he is a bad actor, and couldn't know anything if there was anything that we could know.

X. Dave Grinbergs wants to know 'Why are so many people unhappy?' O. Well, if I knew the answer to that, I wouldn't be writing for this rag, I'd be out there raking in the dough.

X. I always had a feeling that you were a non-idealistic capitalist swine. So, this air of sensitivity is just a ruse, you're just waiting there for the right opportunity to jump in and make a profit, are you? And you call yourself a caveman.

O. Yeah right, speaking of violence,

Alex Russell wants to know if 'Football (North American) really represents nothing more than man's need to witness physical brutality and primitive cannibalism?'

X. An unequivocal yes. The use of heraldic devices on football helmets, shirts etc. and the air of festival at football games are clearly a throw back to the Medieval joust. The object of the game, moving a ball from one end of the field to another, is clearly a derivative of the games ancestral to Polo in which and enemy's head was used as the ball. Both these games in turn, represent sublimations of the actual violence that occurred on playing fields, and the games were invariably used to pacify troops who were restless in peace-time. The ritual surrounding a game (beer, the rapt attention and potato chip bowl that are present when a game is watched on T.V.) clearly harken to the worship, uiting and feasting of death cult temples in the dawn and morning of civilization. Ask any caveman what they did in their spare time; booted around an elliptical mastodon skull and ate peanuts.

O. And the Greeks- you think those amphitheatres were for drama? Humph. Our final question comes from Darby: 'Where is life?'

X. I've got one at home on my shelf. I think its put out by Parker Brothers. You can probably get one at a toy store.

Readers! Please send in your questions. We want to answer them.

ARTS

Storytelling: Herstory and Social Cohesion

Jenny Farkas

Storytelling is a vehicle through which much of history is passed from generation to generation. Storytelling is also a way to share experiences in an interesting and entertaining fashion. Storytelling is a custom that was existent even before the practice of recording events and occurrences was started.

For women, storytelling carries a special significance. Much of history is the story of men and their achievements. For example, the fur-traders of Canada were men but their tales of bravery and struggle fail to mention the women who acted as guides to the male traders, the women who cooked, cleaned, sewed and treated injuries. There is really no need to cite specific examples to illustrate that history is male: science, math, physics, politics, philosophy... Even the title of the study of past events is male-centred, hence his story.

History, written by men about men and primarily for men (for women were not allowed to further their education until relatively recently) manages to all but exclude the stories of women's struggles. And, to add insult to injury, women are consequently chastised for playing such a (seemingly) insignificant role in the shaping of our culture and society, our science and technology, our art and literature. Is it not ironic that even today at this university, in order to learn about the history of women (or her story) one must search out specific courses within the Women's Studies program. Topics of monumental importance such as the herstory of women's oppression, the herstory of feminism, the herstory of women since 1500

cannot be found in the general curriculum. Even to study the influential and brilliant women writers of our past, one must again turn to the Women's Studies Department as the English Department does not generally focus on this gender.

All said, the importance of the story in passing on women's experiences, feelings, ideas, customs is self-evident. For centuries this vehicle of storytelling has preserved much of what would otherwise have been lost. While today the necessity of telling stories in order to relay herstory is not as urgent (the feminist movement and the general fight of women to gain a voice, to gain basic rights of equality, freedom from oppression, from violence, has if nothing else, made women's stories and struggles more known, more heard), the tradition is still a very strong and important part of women's lives for the symbol of struggle that it represents, if nothing else. Storytelling exists because people, women and men, oppressed and other, needed a vehicle through which to pass on their lives.

In the spirit of this tradition, an organizational meeting was held last night (October 4) with the goal of organizing a women's storytelling evening. It is our hope that at this event all women, of all colours, of all cultures, will come together and share with everyone those stories which are important to them.

In the middle of the summer, a friend and I had the idea of organizing such an evening. We worked on spreading the word of the organizational meeting for several weeks. Last night, the fixed date,

one person showed up. Disappointed as we were, we still held the meeting. And it was a success! If not only to help us realize (through the various contacts of our guest) that the demand and the desire for such an evening is strong, it was a success in that a lot of ideas were made more concrete and we adjourned to meet again in two weeks (after gathering up more interested individuals) to further implement our plans.

For those who might be interested in helping to organize, participate, or do anything else required, I will fill you in on the structure of the evening so far. It is scheduled for early January, 1988. (Which leaves plenty of time to get together material on a story...) We hope to have a coffee-house atmosphere for the event, and hope to get a nice cosy space to hold it in (ideas so far include various community centres). The format will include some more established/known women storytellers, as well as encourage women from the audience to come up and tell their tales. Our main aim is to include women from all cultural groups, from all social groups. We do not want this event (in terms of organization) to be a middle-class, white women's project. If all goes well and the response is good, it is our wish to have such evenings on a monthly basis.

If you are interested, the next meeting will be held October 18, at 7pm at the following address: 121 Concord Ave. (Bloor and Ossington) Apt. 2. For further information call Jenny at 536-7680 or Elaine at 925-2904 (and leave a message).

Unabashed Neck Ornamentation

André Czeglédy

(London, England)-In the wake of those garish-coloured, loose-knotted, 'new-wave' ties one finds so often sporting Italian-inspired, designer names like Giovannelli Basta, Salvador Bruttassico, and Tutti Fungulabo comes a breath of fresh air from the past. The bow tie. The bow tie indeed, and whatever some cerebrally affected individual will tell you, the real bow tie is tied on mains, and, believe it or not, it can easily be worn on an occasional daily basis - not just for some grand soiree. In terms of daily dress, a properly tied bow tie sets a man apart, gives an indication of the gentleman's sophistication, independence of mind and imagination, not to mention personal style.

If it is true, as too many women have adamantly declared, that men look best in formal attire, then it is no wonder that the bow tie, being such an integrating component of formal wear, retains such an air of rare style - subtle, but not understated - in a culture which consistently equates physical comfort with a prized (in a warped way) sloppiness. A sense of comfort is in the mind, not the physique, and it is the mind which will dictate what is good and what is not personally comfortable wear. If one believes that a bow tie is uncomfortable then, rest assured, it will be. On the other hand, now may be the right time to separate not the men from the boys (remember - we are in college now), but the gentlemen from the men. And if you are worried about joining the ranks of gentlemanly company like Fred Astaire, Ernest Hemingway, (Pee-Wee Herman

-Ed.), and the Duke of Windsor, then go ahead and do wear on of those garish-coloured, loose knotted, new wave ties sporting names like Giovannelli Basta, Salvador Bruttassico, or Tutti Fungulabo.



Festival of Festivals: Window Into Buttery Oblivion

Bart Testa

This year's Festival of Festivals, the 12th was overall more a fizzle of film than a bang of cinema. Aside from some murmured hype (Almodóvar, Night Zoo, I Heard the Mermaids Singing, Kamikaze Hearts, Godard's *Lear*), the Toronto fest had the aspect of an event become so much of a habit that it hardly matters that 1987's offerings were mostly boring. Nonetheless, if you think of the festival, which shows about 300 films, as a window on what's actually being made in those sectors of the international cinema where the 'art film' is supposed to be alive - and thinking that way is close to being right - then the art film continues to be in steep decline in the late 80's. But, if you are skeptical about my window metaphor, however, stay that way.

Senior festival programmer for Contemporary World Cinema, David Overby, attempted to crawl out from under the fact that ambitious film art is virtually extinct worldwide when he put his Chinese - Taiwan - Philippines - Viet Nam survey under the slogan 'They do not separate popular films from art.' Mostly he showed 'prestige pictures' (as Hollywood quaintly would call them) from national cinemas that have no indigenous art film tradition and, on the evidence of what we saw, are unlikely to develop one. There is no new Japan here, which is to say there is no cinema elsewhere in the Orient with a film master of the order of Kurosawa or Ozu. This was, perhaps, no revelation in Overby's programme, but there was cause for relief. The Taiwanese - as our friend Athena Tsui correctly predicted - have handily outstripped the Filipino auteur of the Overby pantheon, Lino Brocka. This is not hard to do, by the way, but after years of seeing his grubby little melodramas trotted up there on the festival screen, and holding no hopes for the Hong Kong hack cinema, the Taiwan films provide reasons for at least mild celebration. By the way, Athena (who is a practicing Chinese film critic and knows all about this stuff) declared the Oriental survey to be thorough. I should have followed her suggestions even more closely than I did, but I did follow her to some of the Taiwanese films. And if I finally found the connection some critics (Athena included) wanted to draw between Edward Yang (*Tapias Story*, *The Terrorizers*) and Antonioni very strained, the attempt to make such a comparison indicates Yang is an interesting writer. There is no equivalent to the Italian director's pained metaphysics and the few gestures Yang has lifted from his films (aimless pans and bleak cityscapes, for example) are more decorative than meaningful. In fact, the principle charms of the Taiwanese films derive from their decorous realism. As well as Yang's, Hou Hsiao-hsien's work (*Dust in the Wind*, *A Time to Live* and *A Time to Die*) in particular is subtle and careful.

The pull of history on all the other ambitious Chinese filmmaking takes them into a dance of almost folkloric stereotypes. The mainland China film, Xiao-Xiao: A Girl from Hunan is shaped like a ballad and succeeds in becoming what, in an alternate universe, one might have dreamed for *The Color Purple*. The film is a whole other world of sexual entrapment and the climactic revelation that the heroine and her mother-in-law are living through the same story, just a generation apart,

clinch *Girl from Hunan* as a film well played on that stratum of moviemaking where many of the best Soviet films of the post war era are to be found.

But, after the Oriental films, my interest fell off sharply. Indeed, the enthusiasm one develops for these international surveys and retrospectives (like the Latin American series in '86) is really a symptom of how dismal the Contemporary World Cinema programming has been lately.

Maurice Pialat's *Canné's prize winner*, *Under Satan's Sun*, is really the worst sort of theological art movie kitsch. To adapt George Bernanos's Jansenist fiction is already a high-wire act for a master like Robert Bresson, who knows how to read his way into a writer at once obdurately medieval and icily modern. But Pialat relies on the worst aspects of the modern French idea of Catholicism - grumpy and rural. As a result, Gérard Depardieu's country priest performs his holy anguish like it was the transfiguration of Martin Guerre, strictly muscle-man clerical-drag scenery-chewing.

Godard's *King Lear* is the funniest film *The Brilliant Failure* has made since *Everyman for Himself*. Molly Ringwald manages to be charming, feckless and bovine throughout and Godard himself does a great Elvis

and tawdry Jenaish and Alain Tanner's dreary sexpot fandango, *A Flame In My Heart* as any indication, the Swiss are hardly posed for a comeback. I'm, sorry I missed the Russian Stalinist satire, *Pokayabiye* (Repentance) but Letters from a Dead Man by a Tarkovsky assistant, Constantin Lopouchanski, is a powerful post-nuke allegory with a very strong mannersim derived from his late master's wonderfully idiosyncratic style. But I would not rush to the conclusion that glasnost means much yet in Russian cinema, except the unshelving of eccentric works the Soviets seem to have continued to make, then suppress, through the ebb and flow of state cultural policy. By the way, the big feminist-European omnibus movie, *Seven Women, Seven Sins*, was abominable. Aside from two bits from Maxi Cohen's *Anger* (consisting of talking-head interviews with pissed-off New Yorkers) and Chantal Ackerman's terrifically appropriate self-portrait (as a filmmaker who has trouble getting out of bed), *Sloth*, the film was an unbearable bore. But, look at it this way, each of the seven might have had a feature out this year, and you can be sure each of them would have been screened.

Perhaps we still go to the Toronto festival looking for 'art film' peaks when the world cinema is really

and belly both) suggests that Greenaway may be at the verge of writing scripts for dramatic characters, an area where he will prove even more fascinating than he has as a narrative fabricator.

What I like about the Festival of Festivals is the large, open-eyed audience that suspends its collective taste to try anything and then judge it later. This particularly parenthetical way of watching movies (quite unlike the read-the-review-and-choose method) is actually aided by the worthless programme notes in the festival catalogue, which seem to exist only to demonstrate that the programmers were too tired after picking the films to find anything interesting to say about them. And that method of watching films really indicates a keen desire to look through the window at Cinema Now! which the festival opens up. The programmers cultivate and depend on our lack of discrimination and they seldom betray their unsystematic 300-plus movies 'best-of strategy with secret agendas of their own. (Yes, the Galas are a total sell-out to the funding agencies, the commercial distributors and the people who like parties much more than movies, but we all know that. And Overby still believes someone cares about his gay melodramas, *Armatage* that somehow feminist cinema is really congealing, but no critic goes out without personal enthusiasm and these two represent constituencies among Toronto's film enthusiasts.) If what we get to see through the window of the festival finally becomes more discouraging each year, at least we can say the window will remain open, and that can only encourage filmmakers - at least a little bit. For our part, we remain patient in our eagerness and will - whatever we swear now - go through it all again.

A Further Note:

The Innis Film Society launched the 1987-88 season with two Thursday screenings, begun promptly and out before 10:00. This arrangement seems to please everyone. The programming group for the society is continuing its largely avant-garde selections, a strategy that has gained a large audience (largest since I've been around). But this is not about all that, although I am grateful to get to see experimental films on a regular basis after ten years of very scanty offerings, and the Innis society is importantly responsible for experimental screenings in Toronto. Anyway, the first screening consisted of Keewatin Dewdney's structuralist piece *Maltese Cross Movement*, which is wonderfully musical and witty, Ken Jacob's *Blonde Cobra* (starring Jack Smith), an 'underground' film of the late 60's. It was followed the next week by two more 'underground' efforts, George Kuchar's *Color Me Shameless*, and Walter Gutman's *The Grape Dealer's Daughter*. There was a problem with this last film. Not a big problem, actually. It's just that people hated the film. Why? Because it is sexist, through and through.

Is it? When I was watching the film I found it to be often lovely - Gutman has the artist's sense of composition and his editing is often quite stunning - but always avuncular. Gutman made the film when he was old, fat and well, like someone's very intelligent eccentric uncle. And he dared to make a film

about women, on the conceit that the women of his past, and the 'Daughter' he encountered in the far, old present, were and are wonderful and sexual and mysterious. They are also dancers and acrobats, everyone of them, and they look great naked in front of the camera, which, in Gutman's hands, just adores them. The climactic scene is an orgy involving a huge quantity of grapes, one of the beautiful women and the old Walter impersonating - on the strength of his big belly - Bacchus, the Greek party god. Well! Well! such a thing was not to be borne - this is what people hated - even on 'Transgressive Sexuality' night.

The problem, I suspect, is that Gutman does not have a 'transgressive' sexuality, as does Jack Smith in *Blonde Cobra* (he's a drag queen and screaming iconoclast of the sacrilegious variety) and Bob Cowan in the *Kuchar* (Bob plays an impotent painter who steals women's clothes and meets a despairing end). In contrast, all poor Walter can manage is traditional heterosexuality and a powerful tendency to idealize and make pretty pictures of his lovers, actresses and friends. This is obsessively expressed in the film through an alternation between nude portrait passages (accompanied by wall-to-wall avuncular monologue) and lyrical semi-abstract (ditto for the accompaniment). Everything about the film is digressive. It is built on associations that seem to be accidental, but spill into history, autobiography, fiction, speculation and finally, into mythology.

Avuncular, yes, but hardly smug or sure of itself. *The Grape Dealer's Daughter* suggest nothing so much as a subjectivity collapsing in on itself and exploding outward into its solipsistic environs - inside Walter's bald head - and doing both sloppily. (The 60's underground cinema is often like this. Not everyone can be Stan Brakhage.)

How do women function (as it were) in the film? As parts of that

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Costello imitation in his part as the Fool. Something is lost, however, after Norman Mailer walks out (he was supposed to play *Lear*) in the first scene, a departure savoured by Godard through blunt repetition. The masterstroke of subsequently casting Burgess Meredith in the role means *Lear* becomes a remarkable Shakespeare film of the soundtrack. *Lear* needs a second and third look and listen. Demands them.

Speaking of Godard, he also turns up fictionalized as a really spineless character in Jean-Charles Tacchella's *Travelling Avant*. A really terrible nostalgia movie about the early years of 'movie brats', later the critics of Cahiers du Cinema and directors of French New Wave. Tacchella gets off a few nice film fan in-jokes early on but the proceedings quickly degenerate into sentimental coming-of-age junk closer to the 'brat pack' of recent Hollywood vintage the *Infant Terribles* of the early 1950's.

The Italians were nowhere to be seen. Even in description, the Scandinavian offerings were too appalling even to check out, although Dutch director Gabriel Axel's film set in Bergman-land, *Babette's Feast*, is one of the sweetest and most sophisticated sentimental films I've ever seen. The Germans seem to pretty much have folded up (however, see James Quandt's programme later this fall at Harbourfront) and, if one is to take the efforts of their two 70's champions, Daniel Schmidt's slick

stumbling around in a valley of despondency. The avant-garde (lately more interesting internationally than much of the feature film work) was represented by three features. I missed James Benning's *Landscape Suicide* but there was Canadian Chris Gallagher's *Undivided Attention* and American Jon Jost's *Plain Talk and Common Sense*. Jost is a 60's-style New Left patriot, sort of Phil Ochs with a camera instead of a guitar. Jost combines lefty muckraking journalism and sequence-building precisionism to make a taut film of quotation and dead-panning jokes. Gallagher's film also combines the journal and structuralist formality but *Undivided Attention* is virtually wordless, while Jost's is garolous in the extreme. A heartland Canadian, Gallagher has made a movie of the landscape-stare and the low rumble of a superior British sports car. It won't change your life - neither will Jost - but both give good rides mare ad mare.

No longer avant-garde but not yet the decorous 'art film' director he could have become after *The Draughtman's Contract*, Peter Greenaway has not reached as high with *The Belly of an Architect* as he did with *The Last Year's A Zed and Two Noughts* in terms of the play of conceptual elements or the serial energy that enchains them in his best films. But Belly merits closer examination than a festival screening affords. Brian Dennehy's performance in the title role (architect



Mermaids Flounders, Sinks, Into Component Disintegrates Molecules

Lisa Godfrey

Patricia Rozema's *I've Heard the Mermaids Singing* is a pathetic Sally field of a movie, clutching sweatily at audiences, whining 'Love me! Love me!'

This is embarrassing, but not unbearable. In the name of internationally Palatable Canadian Product, our patriotic instincts forgive the mediocrity of *Mermaids*. And gosh, there's Patricia - the pride of Sarnia - blushing through interviews, acknowledging the fact that her film is small and unfashionably sentimental. Can we argue with such humility, such sincerity? Yes?!

(What are ya pal, one of them pinko aesthetes? Eh? Why don't ya take off to one of yer Siberian drive-ins and let them new glasnost comedies warm yer heart, eh?)

Like too many popular films, *Mermaids* is successful because it tells us what we want to hear: that things exist in simple categories. Specifically, the film posits ideas in unambiguous oppositions - sincerity versus pretention, truth versus lies, subjective beauty versus academic concepts of art. And *Mermaids* not only vulgarizes its subjects, it reveals a secret hatred of them.

Like the child who pretends to despise the kindergarten play because s/he is denied the lead,

Mermaids revels in its criticism of the art community. Beyond its uninspired depiction of curators and artists as ruthlessly petty neurotics, the film evidences a strangely negative relationship to its own devices. Still and video cameras are seen as tools of authority (an art gallery security camera tapes the confessions of the narrator), voyeuristic (Polly spies on two lovers) or immoral (she watches a private conversation surreptitiously). The camera prevents Polly from experiencing life concretely - it is presented as a barrier to real interaction with others. When she turns off the video camera at the end of the film, it is clear that Polly abandons the photographic representation of her existence for a true personal reality. And we, the audience, are reminded of our own passive voyeurism.

The choice of Debra Friedman's photographs to stand in for Polly's in the fiction is similarly odd. Their Arbusian quality evokes the problem of the exploited subject and artistic responsibility. Rozema's condemnation of the medium is confused, but present -- what is she saying?

Unfortunately, Rozema's intentions and *Mermaids* filmic reality do not necessarily jive. The

problem is additionally convoluted by the media's overkill in coverage of *Mermaids*. Endlessly reminded of what the film is supposed to be through regurgitated press kit synopses and director bios, audiences see what they expect to see rather than understood the work as it presents itself.



Smokin'

For example, interviews find the filmmaker firm about her feminist and gay-positive stances. Accordingly, one expects the female relationship in *Mermaids* to be enlightened and uncompromising. Yet intention and depiction are proven to be separate issues.

Admittedly, Polly is naive in her self-analysis. When she falls in love

with the female curator, we might groan and accept her denial of it as evidence of her emotional fog. There is further suggestion of latency in a daydream sequence in which Polly (Morphous Perversity?) gives an improbable lecture on Freud's theory of innate bisexuality. But no sexual identity emerges at the finale.

The only mature relationship that develops in *Mermaids* is between the gallery owner and her girlfriend, who are largely presented as emotionally-abstracted, calculating yuppies. It is all too easy to conclude their 'alternative' sexuality is as affected as their attitudes.

The last moment of *Mermaids* has Polly invite the twosome into her inner world - impressionistically rendered as a natural paradise. Her innocence structures love as an amorphous condition here, one assumes. Nice ladies do not jam their body parts into one another here. Sex and sin - adult behaviour and pesky cameras - are checked at the door: we are now allowed back in the garden. (The media revelation of our director's Calvinist heritage springs unavoidably to mind.)

'I've heard the mermaids singing; they do not sing for me.' Be thankful, Mr. Eliot.

Leather and Fishnet Stockings

Peggy Hill

Not long after the Festival of Festivals' opened this year it was evident that Piers Handling had achieved an unexpected coup. Handling is responsible for programming the films of Pedro Almodóvar in the series known as 'Spotlight.' In the Festival's catalogue Handling describes Almodóvar's work as 'virtually unknown in North America.' Perhaps this is why he deemed to screen the majority of Almodóvar's films in the absurdly small Cumberland 4. Word of Almodóvar's talent, however, quickly became known among the Festival patrons, and with its wrap-up, few dedicated Torontonians moviegoers remained unaware of this hilarious and intentionally startling filmmaker.

Almodóvar has been directing and writing the scripts for his feature films since 1980, beginning with the release of *Pepi, Luci, Bom and o Whole Lat of Other Girls*. *Pepi, Luci* is a camp, occasionally juvenile, but always fun flick about Pepi, who is seeking revenge on the cop who raped her, her girlfriend Luci, a forty-year-old housewife who discovers the extremity of her own masochism, and Bom, a sixteen-year-old sadist and punk rocker. Prior to *Pepi, Luci* Almodóvar worked in super 8 and 16mm, learning the art of filmmaking through his own efforts (Spain was without a film school in the 70's). By the release of his second feature, *Labyrinth of Passions*, Almodóvar had done away with the rough look of *Pepi, Luci* and had formed a continuing alliance with the cinematographer, Angel Luis Fernandez. Following *Labyrinth*, Almodóvar also began a lasting relationship with a number of actors, led by the comic brilliance of Carmen Maura, who, have formed a powerful, splendidly talented family.

The unrelenting humour which characterizes Almodóvar's films is greatly derived from an unabashed iconoclasm and a gleeful release of repressed sexual expression following the end of Franco's fascist rule. In throwing off the repressive blanket of fascism Almodóvar reveals a surrealist's view of Spain where the bizarre has become the



unquestioned norm. It is a view which inspects his country's culture so intensively and aggressively, that the resulting interpretation is a frenzied, fantastically funny, yet brutal, blending of the traditional elements in the Spain of the 80's. Thus the matador, a traditional phallic figure who plays out a highly erotic and always fatal, game, in *Matador*, becomes split into two figures one male (who has a limp which is a symbolic castration), and the other female. Both require the ritualized murder of their anonymous sexual partners to reach the heights of orgasm. Another character in *Matador*, is a member of the Opus Dei, a Spanish-centred, right-wing, reactionary Catholic faction. Her son

is so obsessed with the guilt he feels after he rapes a young woman, that his failure to convince the police that he is guilty of the rape and should be punished, causes him to impulsively confess to four murders that were actually committed by the matador and his female counterpart. A similar process of relentless examination and exaggeration is undergone by a convent in *Dark Hideout*, and by the working class in *What Have I Done To Deserve This?*

Sex, drugs and punk rock are the glue which hold the narratives of Almodóvar's first two films together. His later works use sex, drugs, death and social comment to link, and finally, resolve the many bizarre story-lines within each film. *Labyrinth of Passions*, in its title, comes nearest to summing up Almodóvar's oeuvre. Its story serves as a good example of the many layers of insanity in operation within his films: Sexilia, nymphomaniac, and daughter of the man responsible for developing artificial insemination, falls in love with 'Johnny', a young man who she believes to be a newly discovered punk rock singer, who is actually Rizo Niro, the heir to a deposed Arabian emperor. Before meeting Sexie, Rizo only slept with men. One of his pick-ups is a famous porno drag queen who squeals his way through one of the funniest scenes in the film, a photo session of his 'mutilation' with a power drill. Rizo is being pursued by Iranian fundamentalists, one of whom unwittingly sleeps with 'Johnny', but later uses his finely developed sense of smell to literally 'sniff' Rizo out. Rizo asks Sexie to return to his country with him. She agrees, but doesn't want her father to notice that she has left, so she convinces her new girlfriend, Queti, the daughter of a dry cleaner, to have plastic surgery and to take her place.

Queti is happy to, because she wants to leave her father, since he, every other night, ties her to a bed and rapes her, thinking that she is her mother, who ran off some years ago. Mixed up in all of this is a vengeful aunt, an obese and lustful psychotherapist, and a clerk who takes a laxative but doesn't make it to the bathroom in time.

As well, *Labyrinth* begins Almodóvar's appearances in his own films. Occasionally he follows the Hitchcockian tradition of having a brief, anonymous role, but not always; never, thank God, did Hitchcock, as Almodóvar does here, wear nothing but black fishnet stockings, and a black leather jacket so teasingly short that it's a temptation to slouch down in your seat to try to catch the promised view. In his lush make-up, along with his transvestite partner, 'Pedro', (who is also the director of the porno photo-session), sings of making love to rats in the filth of the sewers. Perhaps it is a little strong to say it is another 'trademark' of Almodóvar, but something to look for if you want is someone puking, at least once, in each of his films.

As a scriptwriter, Almodóvar exhibits a zany innovativeness, but as a director he is considerably tame. He starts out *Pepi, Luci* with the effective device of using a hand held camera during the (mistaken) beating of the sadistic cop's twin brother. He gives us a surprise in *What Have I Done*, by taking the point-of-view of a lizard (until it, and we, get smucked under a policeman's shoe), but until his latest film he is simply a good, but not a radically energizing, presence behind the camera - the way he can be in front of it.

It is only in his last film, *Law of Desire*, that Almodóvar really begins to percolate in his role as director. The gags begin to be ones which

appreciate the potential of the medium of film. The camera, for instance, often seems to be having a love-in with Pablo's (the protagonist's) typewriter, but the soundtrack gets in the act too in a cute bit in which the non-diegetic soundtrack's rhythms and the rhythm become one. Another little unexpected fun occurs when Pablo is tearfully speeding way in his car after discovering who his lover's murderer is and, in a superimposed shot, the spinning wheels of his car meld into his weeping eyes.

Law of Desire is Almodóvar's most self-reflective film. Pablo is a very successful film director who also happens to be gay. Unlike Almodóvar, though, Pablo struggles to keep his homosexuality a secret from the public, which he does with more success than hiding the fact from his sister, Tina, used to be his brother but became a woman to continue more openly in an affair with their father. The strange twist in narrative continues in *Law of Desire* from his earlier works, but sometime since '82 Almodóvar dummed the drag queens and, with the exception of a soft-spoken, quick-tongued dentist in *What Have I Done?*, moved in with the upper class homosexuals and eccentric characters of Spain. Depending upon your tastes this may or may not be a cause for a certain nostalgia for the madness of *Labyrinth* because the price of this new polish is that the real transgressors in *Matador* are, in the former linked to, and the latter clearly marked with an evil insanity, and in both they end up dead. I really hope is that this new sophistication won't prevent Almodóvar from returning for an encore appearance in front of the camera, and not in an anonymous bit that lasts the blink of an eye, but as that madcap bad boy in black leather.

Filmorama Roundup

Andrew Epstein

Much to my surprise I made it. Ten days of sitting in a crowded room with hundreds of strangers. Ten days with stale popcorn (albeit dressed with REAL butter) as my only nourishment. Ten days where I saw more of the Uptown cinema staff than I did friends or family. Ten days in which my eyes threatened to turn black and fall out from the strain. Ten days and thirty-one films later the 1987 Festival of Festivals had drawn to a close. What follows is a brief look at some of the high points, low points and other points of interest provided by the festival.

With the unquestionable popularity of the Pedro Almodóvar spotlight, and such films as *Someone to Love* and *Wish You Were Here*, Piers Handling can once again claim the prize as the most consistently successful programmer. The Almodóvar retrospective offered Torontonians a rare glimpse of one of European Cinema's brightest new stars (only one of his films has been distributed in North America). His films are a delightfully refreshing union of Luis Buñuel at his most bizarre and Preston Sturges at his most madcap, with a distinctly eighties feel.

Five Corners is the first film by director/producer Tony Bill since he gave us *My Bodyguard* in 1980. The film is a touching and nostalgic look at growing up in the Bronx of 1964. John Patrick Shanley who wrote the screenplay deserves the most credit for spinning this magical tale which never allows itself to become trite or overly sentimental.

Unfortunately, for every good film there is at least one awful one. *Dudes* is the first feature film by Penelope Spheeris who gained critical praise for her documentary on the problems punks face. In her introductory remarks, Spheeris stated that her movie is difficult to categorize. I would tend to disagree. *Dudes* is easily categorized as a mindless, overly stylized teen exploitation comedy. Moreover, it is a piece of shit. Picture a punk *Porky's* without any attempt at humour (at least none which is readily evident).

Another loser was the aptly titled

She Must Be Seeing Things. Festival programmer Kay Armatage must have been seeing things to pick this - like the second half of the film. By the time I joined the steady stream of exiting festival-goers the theater was nearly empty and the film was barely thirty minutes old. It just goes to show you, a boring plot, ridiculous dialogue and wooden performances are not enough to keep an audience interested.

One of the biggest disappointments of the festival was



the critically lauded *A Winter Tan*. Jay Scott (whose taste one can usually trust) claimed that this film showed a gutsy new direction for Canadian cinema. The film tells the story of a middle-aged academic (Jackie Burroughs) who goes to Mexico for an extended vacation and has sex with as many Mexican adolescents as she can. Then there's the innovative part, every once in a while Ms. Burroughs faces the camera and lets loose with an incredibly vulgar sexual exploits. Shit, damn fuck. It isn't exciting and 'new' when I swear, just stupid, childish, and inappropriate, and so is *A Winter Tan*.

This year's Eastern Horizons was an attempt to continue the tradition of 1986's highly successful Hispanic film retrospective. Last year's programmer Wendy Rolph managed to dig up some truly interesting films which displayed several national cinemas, each with a strong and distinct identity. The task before David Overby was to demonstrate that the rest of the Asian countries (China, Taiwan, Philippines, Hong

Kong) have been able to develop as distinctive a cinema as Japan. This does not seem to be the case. With a few memorable exceptions (*Himala, Blessing Of The Land*), it appears as though the cinema of the Philippines and Hong Kong has developed as a slightly more colonial version of Hollywood. Rather than a vital and exciting motion picture industry, there is only a cute one.

There was the usual assortment of foul-ups and irate Gold Patrons complaining that they shouldn't have

had to wait in line. The best story concerns the 14.5 hour anti-nuclear documentary *The Journey*, which was shown in three five-hour installments. After several hours the credits began to roll up the screen to much applause. The theater manager ran down the aisle and announced that there was still 2.5 hours to go. The crowd must have been incredibly alert not to miss 150 minutes of film!

A hearty congratulations should be extended to Festival chief Helga Stephenson who inherited the job after last year's head, Leonard Schein was bounced. She managed to overcome the screen shortage caused by the untimely closure of the University Theater and steered the Festival through its most successful season to date.

Not everything at the Festival runs smoothly, and not all the films are suited to all tastes, but after twelve years the annual ten-day orgy of movies is still exciting and is much looked forward to by Toronto cinephiles.

Film Society Round Up

Jim Shedden

Real cinema does not yet exist, it is in a state of becoming, it is potential.

-Saint-Pol Roux, Cinema vivante (quoted in *Millennium* 1.1).

A few notes on some highlights of the Innis Film Society's 1987 season.

The Film Society's winter season started with a bang: great audience turn-outs, generous donations, and an unusual amount of discussion generated from our most sophisticated audience yet. I am ecstatic about the response to such films as Keewatin Dewdney's *The Maltese Cross Movement*, Ken Jacob's *Blond Cobra* and Jean-Luc Godard's *Dux ou Trois Chose Que Je Sais Elle*, all screened on our opening night (September 24). These are extremely demanding works but the audience (much of which is relatively ignorant about experimental and European cinema) has been more than open to them. While in the past, our audiences have often responded to filmmakers such as Jacobs by running away from Town Hall really fast, this year they responded not necessarily by loving the film, but at least by discussing it afterward. Even when we showed Walter Gutman's *The Grape Dealer's Daughter*, a film most people (with the exception of about six of us out of an audience of 70) absolutely hated, very few people left the theatre, and many were on hand later to discuss the film (for several hours) over a few beers.

One of the most exciting evenings coming up in the near future (October 22) is an 'Autobiography in Avante-Garde Film' night. The autobiography/diary film is a favourite of the avant-garde.

For Jonas Mekas, one of the filmmakers featured on the 22nd, film diary is fundamentally different than written diary: 'when one writes diaries, it's a retrospective process: you sit down, you look back at your day, and you write it all down. To keep a film (camera) diary, is to react (with your camera) immediately, now, this instant: either you get it now or you don't get it at all' (quoted in *Stiney, Visionary Film*). *Diaries, Notes, Sketches*, perhaps Mekas's masterpiece, testifies to that claim, especially through Mekas's rapid editing strategies. Mekas uses film to express the frenzied, shifting nature of consciousness as opposed to the stable, fixed, steady consciousness implied in film and art in general.

As Stiney points out, though, Mekas is not telling the whole truth in this statement since he neglects to mention that his use of voice-over (as reminiscing discourse) and his chronological editing prove how akin to the written diary the filmic diary can be.

Bruce Elder's *The Art of Worldly Wisdom*, an autobiographical film, is much more pre-planned than Mekas's. Through the use of quotations (everyone from Hobbes

to Susan Sontag), both visual and verbal, Elder is more obviously philosophical than Mekas's, but both filmmakers share a thrust common to the whole tradition of autobiographical/diary filmmaking; that is, an urge to recover a lost childhood innocence through art. This is a tragic temptation since, on the one hand, the past is never recoverable (hence, Elder's later film *Lamentations*) nor is it as innocent as imagined. To quote Mekas's again (from *Stiney, Visionary Film*): 'It is neither a coincidence nor anything strange that exactly the same men who have tasted a fool's happiness, give us also the deepest intuitions of the tragic sense of life.' So, Elder's film, while often comic, is also centrally concerned with disease and the role of suffering in the life of the individual.

Rivalling the autobiography/diary evening is a visit by Ernie Gehr (on November 5), one of the most thoroughly modernist filmmakers. Gehr, who resides in Brooklyn, was very active in the late sixties/early seventies, but then ceased showing his new work for a number of years. Gehr is often categorized, along with Michael Snow, Hollis Frampton, Paul Sharits, and Owen Land, as a 'structural filmmaker', and like them suggests in his films that rhythm is the key element of his art.



In *Serene Velocity* (1970), one of the films to be shown that evening, Gehr films an empty corridor at a university over a period of several hours. This is not done in the manner of Andy Warhol, say, in *Empire*, but with a very deliberate rhythmic pattern worked out, achieved by altering the zoom every four frames. Since the changes are so rapid (six times a second), the viewer's eye soon sees the film not as a two-dimensional representation of the corridor (which of course, it is) but as rhythmically-ordered abstraction.

For some, *Serene Velocity* may invoke thoughts of Michael Snow's *Wavelength* - a forty-five minute zoom through Snow's loft, but, according to P. Adams Stiney, 'Gehr undermines Snow's analogy of the zoom lens with a transcendental consciousness. By simultaneously moving both closer and farther away with his lens positions he achieves the uncanny effect of obliterating the (assumed) position of the camera at the starting point.'



Amnesty International is a world-wide human rights movement independent of any political grouping, ideology, or government. It works for the release of men and women imprisoned anywhere for their beliefs. If you'd like to get involved, contact Group 83's office room 210, Innis College, or call us at 978-7434.

Buttery

Continued

flow, the firmer parts. Secretly, behind all his buttery chatter, Walter is boasting about them, which is one of the big jokes of this film, a film about the sagging and aged Walter and these beautiful firm women posing for his camera. Important to Walter is how he becomes something for himself when they are around, a man who loves women, and whose memory seems to consist in large measure of chivalrous boasts. Not about his sexual prowess but that beautiful women, who were so strong and so much their own (as his monologue says repeatedly), still let Walter love them. Finally, he becomes a god who loves women, an ugly fat god of play. It's really pretty sad and not a pretty sight, but he would become anything for the Grape Dealer's Daughter (the character and the film), but then he would become anything for any woman. It's the way Walter is, and the way his film is - in its own self-aware ironies - Gutman's autobiography. By the way, none of this makes it a great film.

But now the problem. The notion is that a film is sexist because his making it heterosexual and has

pictures of women. Period. Why is this? I strongly (and sadly) suspect that everyone believes that Andrea Dworkin has the answer: all heterosexual experience/representation is evil incarnate/imagined. Now this may seem extreme, but the Innis Film Society's reception of *The Grape Dealer's Daughter* - a film transparently distracted by the failure of its male maker's will, and completely divested of power of a male sort - leapt at the salient facts: Walter and women. Made in the late 60's, Gutman's movie really antedates feminist film criticism and theory. It strikes me now that this criticism and theory draws a heavy line across which no film - made in the past, now or in the future - may cross, without somehow confessing to its heterosexual sins.

None of this would have struck me had Gutman's film not been shown in conjunction with the Kuchar and the Jacobs. In both these films, men camp up women (Jack Smith) or camp them up and brutalize them (the Cowan character in *Color Me Shameless*). But this action was acceptable because both films confess to the failure of heterosexuality. Smith is a drag queen, gay and plays someone

utterly mad. The Cowan character is both impotent and inept as a man, even as a human being. The women finally have the best revenge: they ignore his despair as irrelevant. While both these films are 'better' than the Gutman - avuncularity does not engender strong cinema - the reception of *The Grape Dealer's Daughter* indicated that if a man is a burned out nerd and heterosexual, he can make (and be a character in) a movie about sex and still be politically okay since he is a case and says so. He can be gay and insane (or simulate insanity) and treat women to any extreme of camp mockery (cf. Fassbinder, early Daniel Schmidt) because, after all, he is not a heterosexual. This is Andrea Dworkin's politics of sex, pure and simple. Sometimes, I think schools should give up film theory and criticism and just advise students to read Dworkin's grisly novels of bad sex. It would save time and lead us to the same viewing position.

Then, the lights come up. I wipe the popcorn topping off my fingers. And come to my senses. I must be wrong about all of this. I must believe in 'transgressive sexuality'. And no other kind. And especially not fat old Walters.

Without Stuffing

Rick Campbell

Blitz is an English major and an Innis student. Steve Starr works a day job he is loathe to describe. Both form the core of the "best rock 'n' roll band in Toronto by default", the Teddy Boys. Blitz began as a guitar player but has since moved to the bass. Steve plays guitar and both of them write the songs. Despite conflicts over what makes up rock 'n' roll songwriting (Steve writes his lyrics and says they aren't important while Blitz calls himself a punk poet) both are full of the energy and spirit that fuels the best rock 'n' roll. This may not interest those whose tastes run to the more produced synth-heavy pop that plagues our airwaves. It may not interest those who like their rock I.Q. of 7 style. Yet the Teds understand what rock 'n' roll is about and why it will truly never die. Despite the bullshit of the "biz" and the gruelling bar circuit that is a bands proving ground, the punkish beat that began with the blues can still set you free.

I interviewed Steve and Blitz in Blitz's Huron flat over Henningsen and smokes.

How did the Teddy Boys begin?

Steve: I guess it was an off-shoot of Criminally Insane...many players in and out, in and out... Blitz: Ten drummers.

This band's had ten drummers? Steve: Well...not yet. Blitz: Yeah, counting auditions. We had Billy, then we had Billy, then Steve's friend John, and then Marky...Billy Rogers, ex-Heartbreakers by the way...

Steve: Yeah...got the plug in. He's now with Steve Leckie and Sex Tattoo.

Blitz: After Marky we had John Pearson, the pretty boy...the two in the summer...then Idiot...

Steve: Blitz came around in John of '86.

Blitz: Aside from Brett, John's the prettiest Teddy Boy we've ever had.

Steve: Yeah, I want him for the glam thing I want to do on the side. Blitz: We've got solo projects.

Steve: We're artists. (laughs) How would you describe what you're playing now?

Blitz: Punk.

Steve: Punkably really.

Blitz: Originally our influences were fifties and the early seventies.



Rockabilly and the kind of trashy, punkish attitudes of the New York Dolls and the Ramones. With our new tunes we're kind of assimilating the sixties into that. A lot of it has a Beatlesque...

Steve: We're not a garage band. More harmonies...minor chords. We're more refined in the studio.

Blitz: Live it's different.

How?

Blitz: You've got to realize that live what's apt to happen is: a. We'll be playing with a drummer who doesn't know any of our songs...

Steve: Which is per usual.

Blitz: b. Steve will be drunk.

Steve: Which is per usual.

Blitz: c. I'll be too busy jumping around and off the stage to really bother hitting the exact notes or correct harmonies so...and given the shitty sound systems, we're just gonna go out there and make lots of noise.

Does any of that glam seventies stuff like the Dolls, MCS, Iggy...

Blitz: Blue Cheer.

Any of that creep into your music?

Blitz: Situation Deviation!

Steve: He brings me songs...We went through a period where we were writing too much...He used to bring me songs and I'd arrange them. Now they he pretty much arranges them himself.

Blitz: Situation Deviation is one the few early songs I wrote that we play exactly as I wrote it.

Steve: I said no, this won't work, but we jammed it out and it did. And Marky, the first drummer...you have to realize he joined the band as a lark. All he could play was blues. He couldn't keep up with us. I gave him a couple of Ramones albums and after a couple of months he was okay. We went into the studio and he layed down some pretty classic drum tracks at our first session, which was Situation Deviation, a monotonous sort of Iggy/MCS thing and I added a few tacky guitar 'licks...but other than that it doesn't really creep in at all.

What's been your best live experience?

Steve: I don't think I've had one. There was that gig at the Hotel Isabella...

Blitz: Absolute Whores were hosting. We walked in to tune up...

Steve: And they were like... "You've got two minutes to tune up or you ain't playing, man!"

So we get out there, totally bombed out of our brains and I thought we did a fucking amazing set.

Blitz: Sucked shit!

Steve: It was brilliant! One guy was trying to kick us off stage and the Whores' bass player stopped him, you know...he wanted to see what happened next.

What was the worst gig?

Blitz: Lee's. I quit the band after the Lee's.

Steve: I thought it was a great gig myself.

Blitz: Steve's idea of a great gig is "Yeah! I had fourteen beers and I sort of remember it...". My impression is "Nobody showed up, Steve was drunk..." But (leans into mike) I AM HAPPY TO REPORT THAT THAT ATTITUDE IS CHANGING!

Steve: I thought that I was amazing at Lee's.

Blitz: One of our best gigs was one of the summer Ildiko's gigs or even the Silver Crown. Everything was sounding right. The guitars were really...

Steve: That was a horrendous gig! Our drummer played disco and quit half way through the gig.

Blitz: He was bored so he played disco.

Steve: Seems appropriate at the Silver Crown.

Blitz: Our drummer was a "musician" and didn't want to play with a "bunch of punks". Anyway, I don't go on stage pissed anymore. Steve hasn't but he's been broke. Seriously, we are getting into a more serious musical...

Steve: We're not going overboard! If we could get a drummer who could play and would stay...

Blitz: Idiot...sorry...Wild Darrel was just a brilliant drummer.

Steve: Scarberian. Amazing. If you could keep his attention for more than three seconds. He was like...Darrel, we got a gig tonight!

"Yeah man! My car's happening! Right on! My drums'll be cool 'cause I bought new sticks! Yeah, my leather jacket's on man! I got my Dolls t-shirt on! Fuck man, put Crue on in the car! When's the gig?"

Tonight at the blah, blah club. "Far out, okay. So, right on man, I'll call you tomorrow about the gig!"

(laughter)

Blitz: But he was a great drummer. We did another gig at the only punk club in St. Catharines. Just to illustrate stupidity. We were opening for the Problem Children

who, by the way are a great band and really good people. Anyway, these two skinhead chicks get into a fight outside the club and six cop cars pull up to break it up!

Has there been a backlash against your type of band in Toronto?

Steve: As far as the local scene goes...not a backlash. Queen St. has really...I really hate it with a passion, not because I'm an uptight artist worrying if I'm good enough to play there. We could book ourselves into the Cabana Room on a Tuesday night just like everyone else. But I couldn't stand doing it.

It's people just standing there trying to act really cool and if you have a couple of records or tapes out, it's still the same people acting even more cool. If you're not there to have fun then don't come to a Ted gig. That's what real rock 'n' roll is.

What's your favourite club?

Blitz: Ildiko's.

Steve: The only place I like around Queen St. is the Beverly. You can go in there, get drunk on cheap draft, play pool...no one bugs you. It doesn't matter who you are.

Blitz: Unless you're fascist skinheads coming up to talk to us.

What is real rock 'n' roll?

Blitz: Here's a list. From the fifties you get Chuck Berry, Buddy Holly, Gene Vincent...

Steve: Eddie Cochrane.

Blitz: Jerry Lee Lewis. Into the sixties you get the Stones, the Beatles...

You think the Beatles were a great rock 'n' roll band?

Blitz: Definitely.

Steve: I think their early days were brilliant. What they did was they took the Everly Brothers harmonies and worked them against Eddie Cochrane and volia.

(first of two parts)

Tapes of the Teds are available for the hearing through Blitz. The next Teddy Boys gig promises to be rough (they're rehearsing a new drummer) but no less spirited.

Discussion

'The No Comprendo'
Les Rita Mitsouko
Virgin Records

The old saying 'There's nothing new under the sun', is as depressingly true in the Eighties as it ever was. The most we can usually hope for these days is a fresh synthesis of old ideas. There is, however, a new perspective from which to view today's music, and that is through a different language.

Les Rita Mitsouko is a perfect example. This French duo, supported by the French government's desire to expand the world wide influence of French culture, has put out a surprisingly good album. *The No Comprendo* covers no new musical ground, yet the fact that most of it is sung in French adds a new twist to otherwise familiar themes.

The music is, in fact, a good blend between the early days of 'Techno Pop' and the current taste for guitar solos. Still, the album covers a lot of ground. There are influences on this record ranging from calypso to Sesame Street (the first song, *Les Iliostores D'A*, contains part of the melody from the show's title sequence). Notable songs are: *Marcia Baila* and *Nuit D'Ivresse*.

Although this album is actually on Virgin Records, it is particularly difficult to find in Toronto. If, however, you find it, buy it. If nothing else, it certainly beats listening to the latest dribble from Madonna or Platinum Blonde.

Luis Aguilera

'Rites of Fall'
Elvis Stravinsky
The Ensembles Musique
Plastique
directed by Felix Barth
Angel S-003819

This is the first released recording of the somewhat obscure 'Rites of Fall' by Igor Stravinsky's lesser known brother, Elvis. The work has not been brought to the attention of the general public because the original score was presumed to have been lost. Two years ago, however, it was discovered by Mr. Oliver Satez who raised Elvis at his isolated self serve gas station in Texas, U.S.A. (Elvis Stravinsky emigrated to the U.S. at a very young age after his new theory of harmonies was declared ideologically unsound by the Soviet government). The discovery of the score heralded much excitement in the music world, and triggered the writing of a series of critical works on the 'Rites of Fall'. The best analysis, perhaps, is by the noted Derek Cricket who claims that:

"The environment in which Stravinsky grew up undoubtedly influenced the texture and large scale structure of his music. Texas's essentially level geography presents a visual field that is structurally two dimensional, and articulated by objects on the horizon, such as cacti and people. Exposure to such sensory input surely accounts for the eminently flat chordal texture of *The Rites of Fall*' and the numerous gratuitous electric guitar riffs that punctuate its structure."

Although Stravinsky, in his memoirs, vehemently denied that the music was written to a program, the

'Rites of Fall' definitely has programmatic aspects. The constantly changing orchestral colour reflects the change of leaves' colour in the fall, and the repeated descending figure in the sousaphone's part is surely meant to represent the descent of leaves toward the ground (although Cricket maintains that this figure, in a larger sense, signifies Stravinsky's oft repeated assertion that 'Everybody should go to hell').

The recording itself is of an excellent quality and has a lively feel and superb balance. Director Felix Barth has complete control over the members of the Ensemble Musique Plastique, and seems to draw the meaning out of the music. Especially impressive is the handling of the changes in time signature, in particular the change from 3/4 to 11/17 which marks the central point of the work, and the end of the development.

Altogether this is an excellent recording, but it may be hard to find.

Phred

'Halfway to Sanity'
Ramones

Ah yes...listening to the Ramones reminds me of the day I bought *End of the Century* and ripped my jeans for the first time, or the first time I ever slammed when *Blitzkrieg Bop* provided the soundtrack. And now there's a new album out. What can I say?

Well, *A Real Cool Time*, *I Wanna Live* and *I Know Better Now* are the standouts, with the former being one of the best tracks the Ramones have

ever recorded: pure pop with loud-guitars and instantly catchy tunes- it's brilliant. Listening to it restores my faith in rock 'n' roll.

The rest of the album rocks out, as always, but some tunes (like *Worm Man*) seem unfinished, and Dee Dee's vocals on *I Lost My Mind* are really obnoxious. On the other hand, *I'm Not Jesus* is their best hardcore attempt yet, and *Bye Bye Baby* is a gorgeously schlocky ballad.

I just don't know. The Ramones have been expanding on their basic 'three chords and we're gone' premise for a while now, but they're just not as catchy as they used to be. I mean, they were never just a punk band; they were Eddie Cochran with a fuzz box, Buddy Holly with a leather jacket. The entire punk and hard-core scene owes its existence to them, but they always used to be more than the sum of their descendants; they were the ultimate pop band. Now, though, they've lost that special something. Not that *Halfway to Sanity* is bad; most of it is quite good. But when they do a song as brilliant as *A Real Cool Time*, it makes the rest of the album look pale. It makes you realize how great they were, and how great they still can be when they try.

Blitz

Discographers are invited, encouraged, exhorted to send in articles about interesting, favourite or unique pieces of vinyl in their collections.

Whatever Happened To Kerouac?

Ewan

KEROUAC: Battered with liquor Jack is asked what beat? And he pukes 'cause the question is exactly what beat is not and he gives an answer anyway. Now he reads and I can see that all writers ever have to do is write and then read what they have written out loud for only they can read it right. And the music of Steve Allen kinda twinkles like the very stars in the sky on the road. And he reads, and that's all you really need to know about him, who cares why he drinks, where he's from, what is beat - it's all there, all there. The old guys were kinda nice to watch, though, the guy with the earring and no teeth knew it - got irritated, he knew Jack. He was a buddhist. He was a genius. He was a neanderthal with a typewriter. He was the best darned husband I ever had. He was drunk. No! he was jackman and all you got to do is listen to him read and you'll know. That's all he was. I think drinking was an imitation of being drunk on living, but that's wrong and who am I to say? Just listen, listen to the words flow out of his mouth, not words and sentences anymore but Jack coming out of Jack, Jack regurgitating the whole thing. Just listen.

'Oh jackman you grooved my brain and now I play you over and over.'

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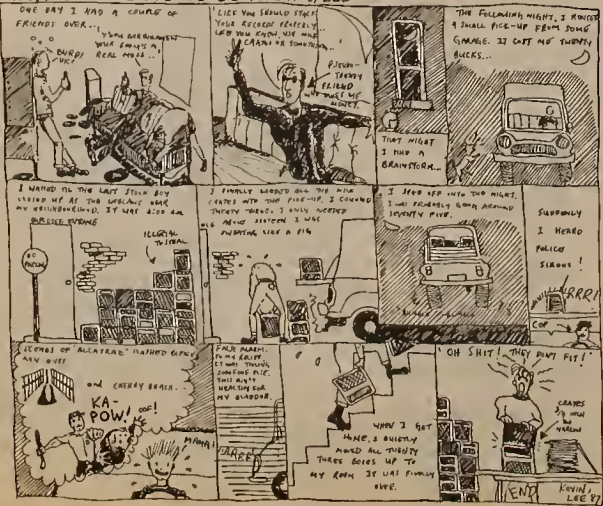


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The Innis Halloween Dance

October 31st

WHY I DESERVE TO BE RICH BY K. LEE



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André, looking suave.



The Innis Polo Set

Innis Trashes Engineering

Amy Rytell

As the W.I.A. representative at Innis College since Oct. 1st, I would like to comment on the recent state of Women's Intramurals at Innis. Intramural sports have kicked off to a promising start this fall, with a particularly enthusiastic team showing up for flag football. After three games, the Innisiators have a record of 1-1-1, winning the first by a half time default from the Engineering Faculty and tying the second against the U.C. Fire Dragons when the game was called by a referee following a dispute.

During the third game, Innis led Trinity by a touchdown after a strong first half, but some bad luck combined with good plays by the opposition ended Innis hopes at 12-7 for Trinity.

Ice Hockey pre-season practices are not as well attended as the football games, but the quality and (or) dedication shown by those on the ice forecast an exciting enjoyable and potentially winning season for the Innis/U.C. team. Any women remotely interested in being a part of this exhilarating sport are encouraged to get in touch with the team rep.

Jennifer Smith for more info (leave a note on the ICSS door!) Also: women's volleyball and basketball

would love to see more participation. Read the boards and get involved!



The Hockey Ethos

Alex Russel

Apparently we are now entitled to claim that we (I mean us Canadians eh?) grow the best hockey Players in the world. With a minute and change remaining in the third period of the third (and deciding) game of the Canada Cup finals, Mario Lemieux scored a goal to win the game and make Canada the champions of the universe. If the Soviets had scored that goal though, I have a feeling that a lot of Canadians would now be taking refuge in the fact that "it could've gone either way". I know I would be - it's true.

Still, I find it remarkably easy to admit that we're the best. "We won", another part of me says, "and if the best team were decided some other way, there'd be no point in competing in the first place".

Assuming this is true - and it seems reasonable enough - I still feel that we owe it to the Soviets to show some class and qualify the word "best": we're the best *this* year, and only by one goal.

The Soviets after all are one classy bunch of players.

At the conclusion of that third game, for instance, the Soviets lined up on their blueline and saluted our flag during the playing of the national anthem. Our national anthem. And their grace in losing isn't a reflection of their desire (or rather their lack of it) to win. Recall that the Russians battled back in Games One and Two as we did in Game Three. The point of all this is to say that the Soviets showed a lot of class in losing and that our team, as well as Canadians in general, ought to show some class in winning. It's not the only thing we

stand to learn from the Russians.

There has been a lot of ink spilled over the Canadian-Russian exchange of hockey skills and approaches. To generalize, we've picked up their fast passing, whirlwind attack while they've picked up something of our grinding, hard-hitting approach. It seems to me though that we stand to learn something else from them which can be seen as something more fundamental than any on-ice technique.

I'm referring to a Soviet mind-set towards sport in general of which their grace in losing is merely a symptom. (Pretty serious stuff, huh?)

Soviet athletes, it seems to me, have a respect for their opponents which is fundamental to good sportsmanship. And as such, I would argue that it is fundamental to good sport.

That the Soviets have a certain respect for their opponents was clearly shown in the recent Canada Cup tournament. Anyone who managed to sit through the endless pre-game ceremonies of Game Three and saw the ceremonial hand-shake between Gretzky and Fetisov may have noticed the Soviet captain's attitude. It seemed to say, "Okay, you guys are a great team and it's been a great series. Let's give it a great finish". But if this is too esoteric an illustration of the Russian attitude, perhaps this will be a more convincing argument.

The attitude which stands in opposition to this one of respect is one which manifests itself in anger or, at least, dislike. An obvious symptom of such an attitude in hockey is to fight. There were no

fight in the Canada Cup finals, but this you will say is because of the stiff penalty for fighting in International Hockey. Fair enough, but can anyone honestly claim that any Soviet player seemed disposed to fight? It just doesn't seem to be in their nature. Tempers did

occasionally flair in the tournament finals but the only guys who looked ready to fight about it were Canadians. In short, this kind of hostility is foreign to the Soviet athlete's mind-set.

That we were treated to great sport is, to my mind, beyond doubt. And, for me, the absence of fighting not only made the contest more watchable but was evidence of the fact that I really was watching great athletes. That is, I was watching two teams who, though they respected each other, wanted nothing more than to prove themselves to be that one goal better than their opponents. What more can a sportsfan ask for? After all, which is more rewarding: beating a team for which you have so little respect you want to beat them up, or beating a team which you respect so greatly you can't spare the energy or concentration from the task at hand?

Perhaps North American players and audiences will learn something from the Canada Cup. It goes like this: Fighting and general hostility is not an element of good sportsmanship. Respect for one's opponents is. Good sportsmanship makes for good sport. Good sport is an exhilarating thing to behold.

North American hockey (and sport in general) only stands to gain from such a lesson.



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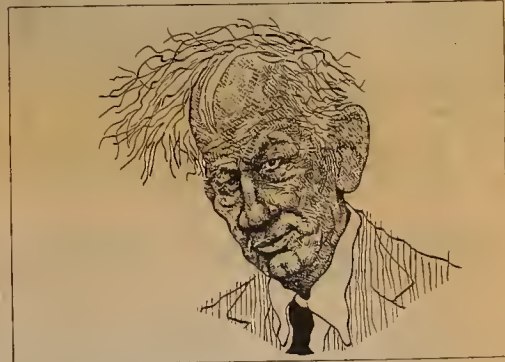
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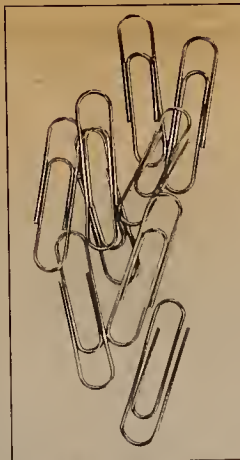
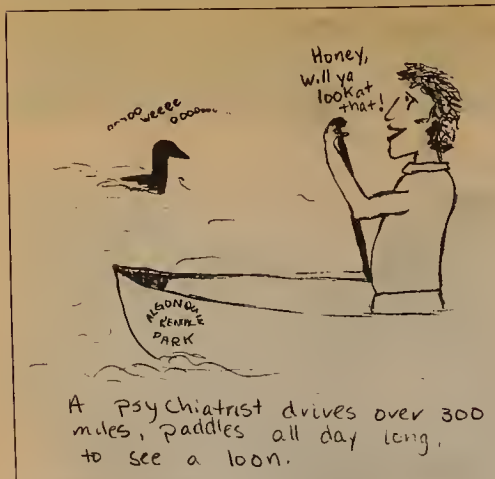
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